

# The Mirror

OF

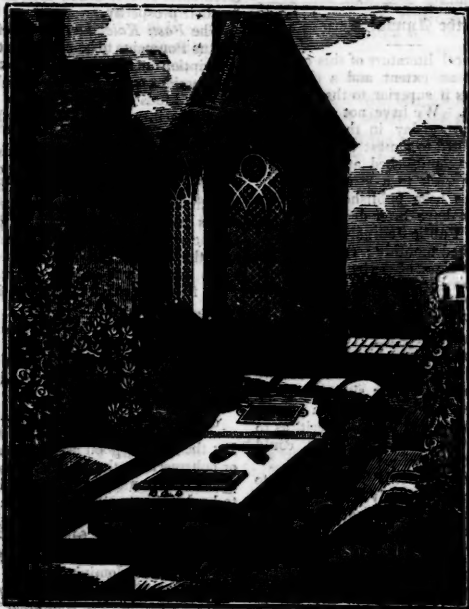
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXVI.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[Price 2d.]

## Tomb of Albert Durer.



In giving an account of that branch of periodical literature which only appears once a year, we have confined ourselves exclusively to English works, and that principally to Almanacks, Pocket Books, and New-Years' and Christmas Presents. For an engraving we have, however, resorted to one of the productions of our neighbours on the continent, where works of this class are even more numerous than in England. It is a view of the tomb of that great painter and engraver Albert Durer, from Kind's Taschenbuch, published at Leipzig.

Albert Durer was a native of Nuremberg, where he was born and died; and his talents entitled him to a monument from his countrymen. He was born May 20, 1471; and made such proficiency in his art, that at the age of twenty-six he ventured to exhibit his works to

the public. His first performance was a piece of the Three Graces, represented by as many female figures, having over their heads a globe, on which was inscribed the date of the year, 1497. He also engraved on wood (the Life of Christ, in thirty-six pieces, which were so highly valued, that Mark Antonio Franci imitated them on copper, and sold them as the genuine productions of Durer. The latter hearing of the fraud, was so exasperated, that he set out for Venice, where he complained to the government of the wrong that had been done to him by the plagiarist; but could obtain no other satisfaction than a decree, prohibiting Franci from affixing Albert's name to those copies in future. The prints of Durer were so excellent, that when brought to Italy they incited the painters there to perfect themselves in that kind of art,

and to make them their model. Albert died April 6, 1528.

In a work like the *MIRROR*, which gives so many wood engravings, and has done more for giving an impulse to the art than all other works put together, no apology need be offered for giving a view of the tomb of its great master, Albert Durer.

### Spirit of the Annual Periodicals.

THE periodical literature of this country has attained an extent and a character which renders it superior to that of every other nation. We have not only newspapers for every day in the week, but journals devoted to almost every distinct art or science, published at various periods from a week to a year. Since the *MIRROR* has been published, a portion of its pages have been devoted to the Spirit of the Public Journals, principally those published monthly; there is, however, another class of periodicals worthy of notice, we allude to those which are published at the close of every year, such as Almanacks, Pocket Books, Christmas and New Years' presents, &c. These are very numerous, so much so, indeed, that the bare list of their names would occupy a large portion of our sixteen closely printed pages, while some of them possess so much literary and graphic merit, as to entitle them to an extended notice, could we find room for it.

Thus circumstanced, we propose to give a critical and analytical account of the principal works published annually, and first of the Almanacks.

### ALMANACKS.

ALTHOUGH etymologists differ as to the derivation of the word Almanack, yet there is little doubt it is from the *Al* and *manach* of the Arabs, which signifies a diary. The study of astronomy and astrology is very common among the Arabs; and is, indeed, a favourite amusement of pastoral life in all countries. The Arabs will not sow, reap, plant, travel, buy, or sell, or undertake any expedition or work, without previously consulting the stars, or, in other words, their almanacks or almanack-makers.

From the Arabs this art, or practice, passed into Europe; and those astronomical compositions have not only retained their Arabic name, but were, like them, for a long time interspersed with astrological rules for planting, sowing, bleeding, &c.—even to the cutting of the hair, and paring of the nails.

The Romans had their *Fasti*, or *Kalendar*, in which the feasts, games, and

other ceremonies were recorded; they were of two sorts, the greater and less, or *Fasti Magistrales* and *Fasti Kalendares*. In the *Fasti Magistrales* were registered the several feasts, with every thing relating to the gods, religion, and the magistrates,—the emperors, their birth-days, offices, days consecrated to them, and feasts and ceremonies established in their honour, or for their prosperity.

The *Fasti Kalendares* are defined by Festus Pompeius to be books containing a description of the whole year—that is, ephemerides or diaries distinguishing the several kinds of days. Numa was the first who invented the *Fasti*, who committed the care and direction of them to the Pontifex Maximus, whom the people used to go and consult on every occasion.

Regiomontanus appears to have been the first in Europe who reduced almanacks into their present form, gave the characters of each year and month, foretold the eclipses and other phases, calculated the motions of the planets, &c.—His first almanack was published in 1474.

The labours of astronomers, and the works they have published, have rendered almanack-making no very difficult matter, as will be seen by the following directions for the

### CONSTRUCTION OF ALMANACKS.

By the help of good astronomical tables, or ephemerides, the construction of almanacks is extremely easy. The first thing to be done, is to compute the place of the sun and moon for each day of the year, or it may be taken from some ephemerides, and entered into the almanack; next find the dominical letter, and by means thereof distribute the calendar into weeks; then having computed the time of Easter, by it fix the other movable feasts, adding at the same time the immovable ones, with the names of the martyrs, the rising and setting of each luminary, the length of day and night, the aspects of the planets and other phases of the moon, and the sun's entrance into the cardinal points of the elliptic, or two equinoxes and solstices; and so on.

### ALMANACKS FOR 1825.

EASY, however, as almanack-making may be, we confess it is better to purchase them ready made, particularly as they present variety enough to suit all tastes, as we shall be able to show by noticing a few of the most prominent ones. It would lead us too far from our present purpose to give a history of almanacks in England, or an account of those in foreign countries; indeed, the very titles of those

published in England would alone fill our sheet; we shall, therefore, only describe the principal features in those which are the most popular. Poor Robin would, perhaps, claim the precedence; but yielding to the Vox Populi, we proceed to another;—stand forth, then, Francis Moore, Physician, while we explore the mysteries of thy

### 1. VOX STELLARUM;

*Or, a Loyal Almanack for the year of Human Redemption, 1825, &c.*

THERE is not, we are assured, one of our readers to whom Moore's Almanack is not familiar; the very day of its publication is an epoch in the history of the year, and for a month at least before that period, the farmer and the husbandman is reminded on the market day by his good dame, not to return without Moore: and when it does arrive, with what eagerness are the political prognostications devoured. Even the weather, the alpha and omega of the countryman, is on this occasion a secondary consideration.

There is nothing with which we are so pleased with Moore's Almanack as the confident tone in which the author speaks of the planets, not that at such a time they will do so and so, but that they have done, although he counts so long in advance. Thus, under the head of April, 1825, we find, "This and the preceding months have produced a variety of positions amongst the planets." Were we Œdipus enough to unravel the mysteries of Moore's Almanack, we would not do so for an empire, because we should deprive its readers of one of the greatest comforts of their lives—that of wonder and conjecture. How delightful a paradox we find in June, "A wolf in disguise gains his point. The gilded bait wounds insensibly." Mr. Moore is a sly dog; he has a hit at the Emperor of Austria for compounding with his English creditors, though he avows his opinion that "this modern Vandal of intellectual improvement can scarcely raise even a moderate sum in his extensive dominions." Why not out with the truth at once honest Francis, and state that Moore's Almanack produces a better revenue than many a German principality. In November a domestic event is to occur, and a hint is given which we hope will not be lost. List! O, list, to the warning.—

"Some mischief hatched by one of our modern Venuses. Old square toed Saturn should square off."

We are sure we need not describe the general contents of Moore's Almanack: the moral stanzas which decorate each month are equal to any similar produc-

tion of former years, and that is saying much. The sale of Moore's Almanack was at one time four hundred and thirty thousand annually. Whether it is more or less, at present, we know not. Allusion has been made to the facility of making Almanacks, but our readers will scarcely believe that Mr. Henry Andrews, of Royston, who was the maker until within the last few years, received only twenty-five pounds a year for his labours from the Stationers' Company.

### 2. OLD POOR ROBIN.

*An Almanack composed on a variety of subjects both ancient and modern, &c. Being the One Hundred and Sixty-third Edition. Written by Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island, and well wisher to the Mathematics.*

How the works of modern authors sink into insignificance compared with the immortal production of Poor Robin, of which he now presents the hundred and sixty-third edition: and yet the success of Poor Robin and his almanack is one of the most gross libels on public taste we ever knew. The writer affects the quaintness of the seventeenth century without its point, and what he wants in humour, he seeks to make up by indelicacy. Yet the very grotesque absurdity of the thing is amusing, and we can even laugh at Poor Robin in the hundred and sixty-third year of his age; indelicacy, however, in such a veteran, is scarcely excusable.

### 3. MERLINUS LIBERATUS.

*An Almanack for the year of our Redemption, 1825. Being the first after Bissextile, and from the Creation of the World, according to the best history, 5833, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh of our Deliverance, by King William, from Popery and arbitrary Government; but the one hundred and forty seventh from the Horrid Popish Jacobite Plot. By John Partridge.*

THIS Almanack does not differ materially from that of Moore; there are the same astronomical observations and calculations: and the Editor, like Moore, treats us with prognostics of the weather and prophecies as to the events of the year. The four lines, however, which head each month, are of a rather more respectable character than the doggerel of Moore. We quote Partridge's four lines for December:—

"The songsters that warbled so sweetly in Spring,  
Are mute now as bees in a hive,  
And wintry winds, snows, and hurricanes bring.  
Thus finishes up WENTY-FIVE."

## 4. THE CÆLESTIAL ATLAS;

*Or, a New and improved Ephemeris for the year of our Lord, 1825, &c. By Robert White, teacher of the Mathematics. The seventy-sixth impression.*

THE Cælestial Atlas consists of little more than a series of astronomical tables. With poetry Mr. White scarcely meddles, for we find but one solitary instance, and in which the word *task* is put as a rhyme for *last* and *past*. A punster would, however say, there is some *sterling* merit in it, and as a proof, quote as we do, the following account of the coinage.

*New Gold Coin.*—Gold is considered the standard metal; and there is no alteration either in weight or fineness from former coinages; the sovereign, or 20s. piece being 20.21 parts of the weight and value of a guinea, and the other pieces in the same proportion. Thus 934½ sovereigns weigh exactly 20 lbs. troy. Also, the real weight of the sovereign is 5 dwts. 3.274 grs., and that of the half sovereign, 2 dwts. 13.637 grs.

*New Silver Coin.*—The silver coins are also of the old standard fineness of 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver to 18 dwts. of alloy; but 1 lb. troy of this standard is now coined into 66s. instead of 62s., as was formerly the case. So that of this coinage

	Dwts.	Grs.
One Shilling weighs.....	3	15 3-11
The Sixpence weighs.....	1	19 7-11
The Crown weighs.....	18	4 4-11
The Half-crown weighs..	9	2 2-11

It appears that the value of a pound of silver is 66s.; and of a pound of gold is 46 29-40 sovereigns, or £46. 14s. 6d. Standard gold is fourteen times that of the silver, and 7-44ths more.

## 5. THE LADIES' DIARY;

*Or, complete Almanack for the year of our Lord, 1825. The hundred and twenty-second Almanack published of this kind.*

ALTHOUGH the Ladies' Diary is very little known in town, yet we can assure our readers it is a great favourite in the country. In addition to the usual Calendar and astronomical observations, it contains enigmas, queries, and mathematical questions, the answers to the principal of which, of each class are rewarded with a certain number of copies of the work. The solutions to the enigmas are generally in verse—rhyme, however, is not necessary, for we find the word *prayer* intended to rhyme to *year, smile to toil, &c.*

One of the answers we shall, however, quote, being somewhat in our Peter Pindarical style. It is entitled

## THE RUSTIC AND THE CURATE.

BY MR. J. HERDSON, NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

ONE day, when beauteous Sol shone bright,  
The verdant box, the hawthorn white,  
With fragrance fill'd the air;  
A plain and honest rustic went  
From *Cage*, a hamlet near the Trent,  
To wed a blooming fair.

All parties met, the *match* was made,  
The curate smil'd, and quickly said,  
"Five shillings due to me."  
The rustic, in an earnest mood,  
Pray'd him, from scripture how he could  
Claim such a marriage fee?

The curate instantly replied,  
"I take for granted that your bride  
Is virtuous as you-own."  
Then Solomon does wisely show  
A virtuous woman always to  
Her husband is—a crown.\*

The words in italic are solutions to the enigmas of last year.

6. THE GENTLEMAN'S DIARY, OR THE MATHEMATICAL REPOSITORY,  
*An Almanack for the year of our Lord, 1825. The eighty-fifth Almanack published of this kind.*

WHEN we state that the late celebrated mathematician Dr. Charles Hutton, was for many years the editor of one or both of the Diaries, and that they have been a greater stimulus to the study of the mathematics than all the periodicals in existence; we are sure our readers will not undervalue them. The Gentleman's Diary does not differ materially from that of the Ladies, save that the questions are more purely scientific. It however contains enigmas, charades, and rebuses, answers to which as well as the questions in the Mathematical Repository of the department of the Diary are rewarded with a certain number of copies. We repeat that from our own knowledge, the Ladies' and Gentleman's Diaries have been a powerful incentive to the study of the mathematics, and we know more than one gentleman who now ranks high in the scientific world that owes his first impulse to the study of these works.

## 7. SPECULUM ANNI;

*Or, Season on the Seasons. By Henry Season, licensed Physician and student in the Celestial Sciences, near Devises.*

THE Speculum Anni has reached its ninety-second edition: the worthy author not only gives us his predictions as to war and weather, but he is very liberal of his moral advice, teaching the young idea how to shoot, and proving (by Algebra we presume,) the way in which the passions of the mind influence the disposition of the body.

## 8. RIDER'S BRITISH MERLIN,

*Compiled for his country's benefit by  
Cardanus Rider.*

MANY people travel, as the growing population of Australia bears witness, but how few write, for their country's benefit like Cardanus Rider. The British Merlin, however, reminds us more of the *Manack* of the Arabs than any of its contemporaries; it contains the calendar, university terms, and a hundred other good things besides, certain agricultural, horticultural, and physical formula; thus in January we are told to "uncover the roots of trees, plant quicksets," and "use no physic unless there be a necessity," a good hint to amateur valetudinarians. This little work contains much useful information, particularly a list of fixed fairs throughout the kingdom.

## 9. THE IMPERIAL ALMANACK;

*Or, Annual Library Compendium of Astronomical, Statistical, Scientific, and interesting information for 1825.*

THE Imperial Almanack is of a very miscellaneous character; it of course contains a calendar, and astronomical observations; besides there are the Jewish and Mahomedan Calendars, nomenclature of the months of various nations, origin of different festivals and saint days, chronological tables of remarkable events in the histories of Greece and Rome, with several useful tables.

## 10. GOLDSMITH, AN ALMANACK.

THIS almanack in addition to the usual diary, contains a list of the peers of the realm, members of the House of Commons, bankers, &c. One useful little article (among many others) we shall quote. It is a table of the

*Foreign Coins in British value.*

Crusade, Portugal	- - -	2s.	3d.
Dollar, Spanish	- - -	4s.	6d.
Ducat, Flanders, Holland, Ba-	- - -	9s.	3d.
varia, Sweden	- - -	- - -	- - -
Prussia, Austria, and	- - -	9s.	4d.
Saxony	- - -	- - -	- - -
Denmark	- - -	8s.	3d.
Spain	- - -	6s.	9d.
Florin, Prussia, Poland	- - -	1s.	2d.
Flanders	- - -	1s.	6d.
German	- - -	2s.	0d.
Guilder, Dutch	- - -	1s.	9d.
German	- - -	2s.	4d.
Livre, French	- - -	0s.	10d.
Louis d'or, ditto	- - -	20s.	0d.
Moidore, Portugal	- - -	27s.	0d.
Pagoda, Asia	- - -	3s.	9d.
Piastre, Arab	- - -	5s.	6d.
Spanish	- - -	3s.	7d.

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Pistole, Spanish, Barbary	- - -	16s.	9d.
Italy	- - -	15s.	6d.
Sicily	- - -	15s.	4d.
Re, Portugal 27,400 of	- - -	0s.	1d.
A Mill Re	- - -	5s.	7½d.
Rial, Spanish	- - -	0s.	5d.
Rix Dollar, German	- - -	3s.	6d.
Dutch	- - -	4s.	4½d.
Hamburgh, Den-	- - -	4s.	6d.
mark	- - -	- - -	- - -
Sweden	- - -	4s.	8d.
Rouble, Russian	- - -	4s.	6d.
Rupce, silver, Asia	- - -	2s.	6d.
gold, ditto	- - -	35s.	0d.

## 11. THE CLERGYMAN'S ALMANACK,

*Compiled and arranged by Richard Gilbert, Accountant to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*

## 12. WILL'S COMPLETE CLERICAL ALMANACK.

THESE two almanacks contain much clerical information, and are principally intended for Members of the Established Church. The former contains the armorial bearings of the Archbishops and Bishops, and both have lists of the two Houses of Parliament.

## 13. THE EVANGELICAL DIARY;

*A Religious, Historical, and Literary Almanack.*

IN addition to the usual calendar, and several useful tables, this almanack contains a list of the Episcopal and Dissenting places of worship, the names of the Preachers, &c.

## 14. THE PROPHETIC ALMANACK;

*Or, Annual Abstract of Celestial Lore for 1825. From the MSS. of Sir Willon Brachm.*

THE Prophetic Almanack is only in the fifth year of its age. It commences with a "Descant upon the Lament of Ezekiel over Tyros, conceived to typify the Doom of England;" and contains much that is to be found in most of the almanacks, such as the calendar, tables, &c.: it has merit, however, on the score of originality, not only in the ingenious descant to which we have alluded, but in several other respects, particularly its moral character. Sir Willon is, however, a bit of an alarmist, and either has, or wishes his readers to entertain, some fears that London will share the fate of Tyre and Jerusalem. What the designs of Providence are we pretend not to fathom; it is enough that we know they will be just, and that it is our duty to submit to them.

Sir Willon does not speak so decisively as to the state of the weather during each month, as he does of the events

which he gives under the head of "Timely Warnings and Wholesome Precepts." In January, we are told, there will be a great depression in the public funds, which would make us suspect Sir Willon is a great speculator on the Stock Exchange, but that his prognostics are so various. Thus in February he tells us, that "a great miser, unable to convey his hoards to the next world, to which he is about to take his departure, will enrich some very needy relations." We do not much care if some great miser is rendered uneasy by this announcement; but we hope no "poor relation" will neglect his or her business to wait for dead men's shoes. The prophecy is, however, a very safe one, for there is no doubt at least one miser dies every month; and that he cannot convey his wealth to another world, is a truism which we need not consult the stars or Sir Willon Brachm to prove.

#### 15. AUSTRALASIAN ALMANACKS.

BUT the greatest curiosity in the shape of almanacks that we have to notice, is the Australasian Pocket Almanack, for the years 1822 and 1823. It is little more than half a century since New South Wales was discovered; and yet we find the colony so far advanced in civilization as to have its press, and even its almanack.

Who may be the "Francis Moore, Physician," the "Partridge," or the "Poor Robin," of Australasia, we know not; but certain we are that the almanack of New South Wales is in many respects less absurd, and in others equally as useful as the productions of that class in England; and in a few years we doubt not we shall have Australasian Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Diaries, &c. though Souvenirs, and Forget Me Nots would be rather awkward titles to be adopted by one part of the population, at least.

We have alluded to the utility of the Australasian Almanack; and we need only enumerate its contents in proof of our assertion. In addition to the usual astronomical details of an almanack, with the list of holidays, phases of the moon, table for finding the time of high water at Sydney and other places, we have a list of the successive governors,—a catalogue of all the sovereigns of Europe,—the British ministry,—orders of knighthood,—tables of weights and measures,—a ready reckoner,—"observations on the garden and the field,"—chronology of local occurrences,—telegraphic signals,—holidays at the Sydney Bank,—rates of labourers' wages,—fees and duties in the various offices,—market and fair duties,—

tolls at the different roads, ferries, and bridges,—post-office charges,—list of vessels arrived during the preceding year,—list of all the public officers in the colony,—military establishments, &c. The almanack for 1823, in lieu of the chronology of occurrences, gives government and general orders, a description of the boundaries of the several districts, &c. In an advertisement to the almanack of 1823, an apology is made for its want of typographical neatness; type had been expected from England, but had not arrived; the European ink, too, was exhausted, as well as some of Hobart Town manufacture, and the printer was obliged to make some himself; a plate was also intended, but it was found impracticable.

In some points this almanack differs from ours: there are no doggerel verses at the head of each page—no prophetic warnings about war or weather; but in each month "the usual state of the weather" is given, which to us, appears a much more rational method. As a curious contrast of the weather in England and Australasia, we make a few extracts from the almanack of the latter for 1823, and from Moore's Almanack for the present year:—

#### ENGLAND.

#### AUSTRALASIA.

*January 1 to 4.*

Somewhat stormy,  
with rain or snow.

Vivid lightning  
and loud thunder;  
very sultry.

*January 10 to 15.*

Windy, with snow  
or cold rain.

Heat so intense  
that the ground  
burns beneath the  
tread.

*June 1 to 30.*

June begins with  
warm weather. Rain  
with thunder and  
lightning. Fair and  
bright to near the  
end of the month.

Mornings and  
evenings very chilly;  
the nights cold,  
hoar frosts, slight  
showers, searching  
winds.

*July 1 to 15.*

Hot, with thunder  
showers.

The winter of  
Australasia: the  
mornings and evenings  
chilly; fogs at  
Hawkesbury till  
near noon; thin  
ice observed till  
some hours after  
sun rise.

*November.*

Raw, cold, and  
drizzly weather—  
cold winds.

Hot parching  
and blighting winds  
now to be dreaded;  
the heat becomes



intense—but little rain—as the month advances, the ardent rays of the sun are most powerfully felt, unless we have grateful intervening clouds.

Although we give this contrasted picture merely as a curiosity, yet, generally speaking, we must observe, that the climate of New South Wales is very fine, though of course, in a country of such extent, it must be variable, and will be subject to some alterations as it becomes more populated. From the *Almanack* for 1822, we select some of the most curious articles in the *Chronology of Local Occurrences* :—

1770. That part of the coast of New Holland, which constitutes the colony of New South Wales, was explored by that able and ever-to-be-lamented navigator Captain Cook, accompanied by the late Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. and other gentlemen of science.

1788. Colony taken possession of, and British colours displayed by Governor Phillip, Jan. 26.

1789. Bennelong a young native, was taken prisoner Nov. 5, and treated with the most hospitable kindness by Governor Phillip. He tried several times to escape; but being always disappointed in the attempt, became afterwards so congenial to the authority which held him only in reserve; that he was taken to England, and upon his return hither, assumed to himself the character of a chief. He was naturally barbarous in his manners; and to him is imputed the murder of one of his wives, and one or two of his children. Under Governor King he was hospitably protected. The Governor frequently clothed him, and he dined at the servants' table in the kitchen, at which presided Mrs. Dundas, the housekeeper, a worthy woman, and the butler, as worthy a young man. In England the liberal spirit of the British nation inclined itself to give him every species of encouragement; he dressed well; he lived well; and yet upon his return to the colony he fell off spontaneously into his early habits; and in spite of every thing that could be done towards him in the order of civilization, he took to the bush, and only occasionally visited Government house; but this was an early experiment, the twelve last years having shown that, under the sensitive appreciation of the human character, the poor abandoned native of New Holland is not unworthy of the civilizing trial.

1790. The first settler, selected from

the body of prisoners, was settled in this year; a man named James Ruse.

1791. Twenty male prisoners set out from Sydney, under the extraordinary idea that they could reach China by land travel; part perished in the woods, and the residue were brought in, in a perishing state, Nov. 21.

1794. A temporary church commenced building at Sydney, July.

1796. A play was performed, Jan. 16.

— Coal found at Port Stephen, in May. This was indeed a fortunate discovery for Port Jackson.

1798. Hail storm, May 14; many of the stones six inches in circumference.—They killed poultry in abundance; knocked down lambs; and were truly terrific even to the superior order of being—Man. This certainly was the most dreadful hail storm ever remembered; for the freezing in the atmosphere had been so extremely intense, that the shower was excessive, and its violence unendurable.

1803. *Memorable Execution*.—Joseph Samuels (for burglary) was thrice suspended; the cord first separated in the middle, and the criminal fell prostrate; on the second attempt, the rope unrove at the fastening, and he again came to the ground; and when a third time launched off, the rope again snapped short. The provost marshal (Mr. Smith, a man universally respected), compassionating his protracted sufferings, represented these extraordinary circumstances to the governor, who was pleased to relieve him.

1806. *Memorable flood at Hawkesbury*, commenced March 20, and occasioned excessive devastation; began to abate the 23d. Wheat sold immediately afterwards at 70s. and 80s. per bushel; bread 4s. 6d. and 5s. per loaf of 2lbs., and scarcely procurable. Hardly any vegetables, and the colony reduced to a state of extreme want, little short of a famine.

1810. A numerous and voracious tribe of the caterpillar prevailed throughout the agricultural settlements. The fields and gardens were completely laid waste by them, at a time when the ears of wheat were full; and there was no possibility of ameliorating the disaster,—the crops suffered much.—Sept.

— The town of Sydney divided into five districts, and an active police appointed, with a watch-house to each district, Oct. 6.

These extracts will make our readers sufficiently acquainted with the Australasian *Almanack*, which is a literary curiosity.

We think we hear our readers exclaim

with Macbeth, "What, will the line stretch out to the crack o'doom." We do not say this; but to notice all the almanacks would leave us no room for any thing else; we therefore pass over the rest. The sheet almanacks, of which there are several, are principally devoted to commerce. They are surmounted with an engraving of the principal event of the year, and formerly the battles of Trafalgar, Salamanca and Waterloo graced them: now such is the effect of these "piping times of peace," that the almanack makers are compelled to content themselves with the puny battle with the Ashantees, the loss of the ship Fame, and a view of the Bank of England.

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' PRESENTS.

WE have given the precedence to almanacks as the oldest of our annual periodicals; it was not, however, to be expected that in a country where literature is so much cultivated our yearly publications should be confined to them; hence arose pocket books which contain a diary with or without an almanack, a table for memorandums, and literary selections: these have within the last few years been succeeded by works of a still higher character, combining the talents of the engraver with the beauties of literature, and forming the most elegant present of the kind, which one friend can present to another. On the continent, and particularly in Germany, works of this sort had long been common, and it was, perhaps, the only branch of literature in which we were behind our neighbours. To Mr. Ackermann, a public spirited bookseller, who has directed his attention principally to works of art, we are indebted for introducing this new branch of polite literature in his

#### FORGET ME NOT,

*A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1825.*

Of this work three volumes have already appeared, and they have led the way to an honourable competition. The volume for the ensuing year, (from which we have already given a tale, *MIRROR*, No. 109,) contains twelve beautifully-engraved copper-plates, and nearly four-hundred pages of letter-press, consisting of poems and tales in prose. It is got up in excellent style, and forms a very elegant Christmas, or new year's present, for which any one might feel grateful. Although we have already given one article from the *Forget me not*, yet we shall subjoin three others; they are not the best, perhaps, but the

talks are of too great length to quote; and first for

#### THE LOVER'S TOMB.

"I'll gather my dark raven locks o'er my brow,  
And the fleet wind my courser shall be,  
And I'll haste to the place where the willow-trees grow,  
For my true love is waiting for me."  
"Sweet maid, say not so—  
In the grave he lies low."  
"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"  
"I see him at morning, I see him at eve,  
I know his broad brow and sweet smile;  
And he bids me no longer in solitude grieve,  
For he will but tarry awhile."  
"Sweet maid, he is dead—  
In the earth rests his head."  
"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me."

"He lives, though his cheek is more pale than of yore,  
And the light of his bright eye is gone;  
And when his wan fingers my brow traverse o'er,  
They are cold, they are cold as the stone."  
"God help thee, sweet maid!  
In the tomb he is laid."  
"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

Not long did that fair maiden mourn for her love,  
She soon slept in death by his side;  
Yet, 'tis said, that when night hangs her banners above,

Her spirit is oft seen to glide  
Where the willow trees grow,  
While she still says, "No, no,  
Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

HENRY NEELE.

Our next extract is entitled the

#### CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCH WOMAN.

"BORN and bred in Paris, I became in my earliest youth the toast of my native city. Heartily tired of the praises of my beauty, repeated every day in verse and prose, in songs and poems, in companies and periodical publications, and calculating upon new fame and fresh admirers, I set out on my travels and quitted Paris and France. In Spain, in England, in Germany, in Italy—in short, wherever I went, I was disappointed in my expectations, and my pride was humbled. In every country I found a different standard of beauty. I resolved to leave this quarter of the globe, and journeyed to Asia: here I fared still worse. I shall say nothing of Turkey, Persia, or Circassia, because, on comparing myself with the beauties of those countries, I could not help feeling my inferiority; but when I reached China, I thought the people there would never have done laughing at my large eyes, my aquiline nose, my small ears, my apology for a mouth, my immense feet and my shoes, in each of which there was room enough for four Chinese feet. From China I proceeded to the Marian Islands: here the natives laughed just as heartily at my teeth and hair; for among them the height of beauty consists in black teeth and long white hair.

"In Arabia I made no conquests, for I



did not understand the art of colouring my eye-brows a coal-black, and of enlarging the eye considerably towards the temple by a stripe of the same colour; in short, I had not the excessively large black prominent eye, or the chalk white complexion of the beauties of the east. As the natives of the Alps had wondered to see me without goitre, so were the Hottentots astonished that I had not a flat nose, a body as big and as round as a barrel, and half-putrid intestines of animals twisted by way of ornament about my arms and legs. In America, in the southern province of Cumana, they found fault with me because my cheeks were not hollow, nor my face long and narrow, and because I was not large enough about the hips; for there they compress the head between two boards, and fasten tight bandages above the knee to produce these peculiarities of conformation. In North America I witnessed a quarrel between a negress and a white woman on the subject of beauty: both claimed the prize. 'Only look,' said the former, 'at my black shining skin, my thick coral lips, my white eyes, my woolly hair; how can your pale diseased look, your sickly blue eye, your little pursed-up mouth, your lank hair, hanging as if it had just come out of the water, compare with these?' The white woman was about to reply, but I took her aside and taught her, by my own experience and example, that we must not look for a general standard of beauty."

This is not only a descriptive picture of the people of various countries, but a good moral lesson, not only shewing what the poet Goldsmith expresses, that "our own best country is at home," but that such are the different opinions of beauty that even deformity when common, or, we ought to say, fashionable, since it is purposely created, is sometimes preferred to the perfection of nature. Our next and concluding extract from the *Forget me Not*, may, perhaps, be deemed rather anticipatory; such of our readers as think so, are, however, at liberty to defer the reading of it until

#### THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

As if an angel spoke,  
I hear the solemn sound. YOUNG.

HARK the deep-ton'd chime of that bell,  
As it breaks on the midnight ear;  
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?  
'Tis the knell of the parting year!  
Before that bell shall have ceas'd its chime,  
The year shall have sunk in the Ocean of Time.  
Oh! many an eye that was beaming bright  
As this year from its slumber arose!  
Was dimm'd by anguish, or sealed in night,  
Ere it reach'd its dreary close;  
And hearts that in gladness were blooming then,  
Have wither'd—O never to bloom again!

Yet the wind will grow calm, and the billow  
will sleep,  
And sorrow bring joy by its side;  
And hours of delight o'er young spirits will  
sweep,  
And the lover be blest in his bride;  
And blue eyes of beauty unstain'd by a tear,  
Will yet beam at thy memory, thou happy Old  
Year.

To me, faded year, thou hast not been unkind,  
Though my glimpses of sunshine were few;  
I welcom'd thee calmly, part from thee re-  
sign'd,  
Nor breathe one reproach with adieu:  
No, thanks to thy speed, that my pilgrimage here  
By so much is shorten'd—then fare thee well,  
Year!

Next in the goodly train of annuals comes

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING; OR, THE  
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCE.

*A Christmas Present, or New Year's  
Gift for 1825.*

THIS is the second volume of Friend-  
ship's Offering, and it is but just to say  
that it is much improved since last year.  
It contains nearly three hundred pages of  
interesting articles in prose and verse; a  
Diary, with views at the head of each  
month, and fourteen copper plate engrav-  
ings, including four sweet views of the  
cities of St. Petersburg, Constantinople,  
Berne, and Naples. The literary depart-  
ment includes local descriptions of the  
four cities we have just mentioned; tales  
from the pens of Mrs. Opie and Miss  
M. Edgeworth, and several pieces of  
poetry. There is also some original  
music, and several enigmas, riddles, and  
rebus. The following are extracts:—

#### TO THE FLOWER CALLED "FORGET ME NOT."—By MRS. OPIE.

FOND memory's flower, of azure die,  
Permit thy bard one boon to crave;  
When in death's narrow bed I lie,  
Oh, bloom around my humble grave:  
And if some tender, faithful friend  
Should, led by love, approach the spot,  
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,  
Then say for me, "Forget me not."

#### THE MENTAL THERMOMETER.

There is a good tale in Friendship's  
Offering, by Miss Maria Edgeworth,  
entitled the "Mental Thermometer." A  
merchant of the city of London dies,  
leaving a son very young, and a friend, a  
foreign gentleman, who becomes the  
guardian of his child, to whom he relates  
the fruits of his own experience as a guide  
for the youth in the following terms:—

"It is true I am in possession of an  
extraordinary secret—a secret I may deem  
invaluable. It has been the purchase of  
many years' toil and experience, the re-  
ward of the reflection, and the studies of  
a long life.

"I am a native of Italy, and my life  
has been spent chiefly in travelling

through different countries. There is no part of the globe which I have not visited, having uniformly kept one object in view, to which, thank Heaven, I have at last attained. 'You know,' continued he, 'my friendship to your father, and my particular attachment to you. I wish to give you some proof of my regard before nature calls me from you, and I think I have it in my power to leave you a gift truly worthy of your acceptance.' Here he paused.

"He drew carefully from beneath his vestment a small tube, of a substance which I had never before seen—it enclosed something which I concluded was a talisman. The old man put it into my hands: upon a nearer view, it appeared to me nothing more than a small instrument, constructed like one of our common thermometers, and marked into a great number of divisions: after I had examined it in silence for some time, my friend took it from me, and placed it near the region of my heart—when instantly a fresh phenomenon appeared, a multitude of new divisions became visible. 'There are many more,' said my friend, observing my astonishment: 'there are many more too nice to be discerned by the unassisted eye of man; but the longer and more attentively you regard them, the more you will be enabled to discover. 'But what is this liquor?' said I; 'or is it a liquor, which seems to move up and down in the tube? and what are those small characters which I perceive at the top and bottom of the instrument?'—'The bright characters which you see at the top of the crystal are Arabic,' said he, 'and they signify *perfect felicity*; the degrees which you perceive marked upon the crystal, form a scale of happiness, descending from perfect felicity to indifference, which is the boundary between pleasure and pain—and from that point commences the dark divisions of misery, which continue deepening in their shades as they descend, and increasing in distance from each other, till they touch the characters at the bottom, which signify the final bounds of human misery and *despair*. The liquor which you see contained in the tube,' continued he, 'is endued with the power of rising or falling in the crystal, in exact proportion to the pleasure felt by the person who wears it at any given period of his existence.' I cast my eye down the tube as he held it in his hand. 'Perfect felicity and despair,' I repeated, and sighed: 'how many of my fellow-creatures are doomed to feel the one, how few attain the other.' 'These extreme points,' said the good old man, recalling my eyes to the tube, 'though

apparently so far distant from each other, are equally dangerous. It will seldom, however, be found actually at these extremes, and the intermediate degrees it defines with unerring precision.' 'But,' said I, 'is it not enough for me to feel pleasure, to be convinced I feel it? and will not a little reflection ascertain the degree with sufficient accuracy?'—'Perhaps not,' said he, smiling at my presumption—'perhaps not so readily as you imagine. The want of precision in this circumstance is one of the first causes of mistakes which mankind fall into in their pursuits, especially the young and enthusiastic; reflecting little on the past, and forming great expectations from the future, they seldom rightly value their present sensations. Guided by the opinion, or the example of others, they mistake the real objects of happiness; and the experiments necessary to be tried, to set them right, must be often repeated to make any useful impression, that life itself passes away before they are convinced of their error, or before the conviction has been of any material advantage to them. Now such is the nature of this little instrument, that if you wear it next to your heart, it will invariably preserve its efficacy—in all the situations of life—in the most tumultuous assembly, as well as in the most tranquil solitude—at the moment when your soul is the most agitated—when your emotions are the most complicated—when you would not, or could not, enter into any strict scrutiny of your own heart, this little crystal will be your monitor: press it to your bosom, and ask yourself this question—What degree of pleasure or of pain do I now feel? The answer you will find distinct and decided. The liquor in the tube will instantaneously point it out upon the scale of happiness or misery—it will remain stationary, until you unlock the chain from around your neck, in your hours of retirement.'

"Now I began to comprehend the true use and value of this present, and retracting my hasty judgment, I expressed, in the warmest terms, my acknowledgment. 'Take it, my son,' said he, putting it into my hands; 'may you, in the course of your life, experience its utility as much as I have done—may it facilitate your improvement in virtue and wisdom, the only genuine sources of happiness: my life must now be near its close—my habits are fixed, and I have no further occasion for this monitor; yet, it has been so long my constant companion, that I can scarcely part with it, even to you, without reluctance. Promise, me, however,' added he, 'to send

me frequent and accurate accounts of the experiments you try with it; they will be an amusement to me in my retirement.' I readily made my friend the promise which he required, and having again thanked him for his present, I eagerly clasped the golden chain round my neck, and resolved to begin, as soon as possible, a series of observations.

"It happened, however, that the evening on which I had intended to commence these, I was visited by one of the most celebrated metaphysicians of that day, a friend of my father. To him I communicated the secret I had in my possession, and showed him my treasure. Envy flashed in his eyes; he pressed my thermometer to his heart. Instantly the liquor rose almost to the point of perfect felicity; then, fluttering, alternated between that and despair. 'Could I but possess this instrument for one month,' cried he, 'I could solve problems the most interesting to metaphysicians, and I could perfect my theory of the human mind.' Friendship, philanthropy, and to own the truth, some degree of curiosity to see how high the liquor would rise in the tube, if I should comply with his desire, decided my answer. 'Your wish is granted,' said I; and at that instant the liquor rose to the point of perfect felicity, with such violence, that the tube burst with a sudden explosion; and I, and the world, and the metaphysician, were deprived for ever of our intended experiments on the Mental Thermometer."

FROM THE ITALIAN.—BY H. E. LLOYD.

SOFTER blow, ye gentle gales;  
Smoother flow, ye crystal streams;  
Fresher bloom, ye scented vales;  
Milder, Phœbus, dart thy beams;  
Nymphs, more lightly tread the glade;  
Shepherds, stricter silence keep;  
While beneath the cooling shade,  
Fair Erminia seeks to sleep."

The following calculation of time is worthy of being kept in remembrance:—

#### THE YEAR 1825.

The 1825th year of Christ.

5774th year after the Creation of the World according to Scaliger's computation, but the

5829th year after the Creation, according to Usserius. It is the

6538th year of the Julian period.

2601st year of the Olympiad.

2578th year after the building of

Rome.

5586th year of the Jewish computation, which begins with the

17th of September.

1240th year after the Hegira, which commences on the 11th of April.

7333rd year according to the modern Greek calendar.

308th year since the Reformation of Luther.

111th year since the Accession of the House of Brunswick.

4th year of the reign of Our Sovereign, George the Fourth.

#### THE LITERARY SOUVENIR;

Or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.

Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS.

MR. WATTS is favorably known to the public by a small volume of poems entitled "Poetical Sketches." He has, also, a pretty extensive literary acquaintance, of which he has availed himself to a great extent in the compilation of the *Literary Souvenir*, which is graced with original articles in prose and verse, from the pens of Sir Walter Scott; Campbell; Mrs. Hemans; the Rev. C. R. Maturin; Montgomery; L. E. L. author of the "Improvisatrice;" James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Archdeacon Wrangham; Wiffen; Mrs. Opie; T. K. Hervey; the late Ishmael Fitzadam, the Sailor Poet; The late Herbert Knowles; R. Sullivan; Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, &c. &c. &c.

The editor has, also, supplied some poetical pieces of great beauty; there is upwards of fifty articles in all, including tales, Sketches of Society, and poetry of almost every description. The embellishments are beautifully executed, and include views of the Bay of Naples—The fortress of Saguntum—Kirkstall Abbey, &c., by eminent artists, together with three plates of fac-similes of the handwriting of the principal living poets of the day. The volume, which contains three hundred and ninety-four pages, is beautifully got up. Three of the poetical articles we subjoin.

#### THE CONVICT-SHIP.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;  
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in  
the gale;  
The winds come around her, in murmur and  
song,  
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;  
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings freely aloft in the shrouds:  
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters—away, and away!

Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart!  
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
 Passes to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!  
 Night on the waters!—and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to  
 light!

Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not to the ship like an island of rest?  
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate  
 plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?  
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?  
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's  
 grave?

'Tis thus with our life; while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!  
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers aloft, and with canvass un-  
 furled;

All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with  
 sighs:—

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world  
 cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;  
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate  
 shore,  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
 and o'er!

### FRIENDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

FRIEND after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end;  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.  
 Beyond the flight of time,—  
 Beyond the reign of death,—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!  
 There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown;  
 A long eternity of love  
 Form'd for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere!  
 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are past away;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day:  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in Heav'n's own light.

### THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after the

composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument, erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast-iron, and the upper part is wrought into a *Sword and Lyre*, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines; "*Verlies die treuen Todten nicht.*"—*Forget not the faithful dead.*

GREEN wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!  
 Those that beneath its crowning foliage sleep,  
 And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,  
 Thy place of memory, as an altar, keep!  
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
 Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—By the Father's hand,  
 Here shall the child of after-years be led,  
 With his wretch-offering silently to stand  
 In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.  
 Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path hast trod  
 With Freedom and with God!

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite  
 On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore  
 thee;

And with true hearts; thy brethren of the fight  
 Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er  
 thee;

And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,  
 That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed  
 In her's, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,  
 The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,  
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying,  
 Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!  
 She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her  
 To whom the wide earth held that only spot—  
 —She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,  
 And in your early deaths divided not!  
 Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath  
 she?

Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made  
 The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,  
 Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye  
 played,

And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!  
 Ye were but two!—and when that spirit passed,  
 Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to trace  
 Thine image from the image in her breast;  
 Once, once again to see that buried face  
 But smile upon her ere she went to rest  
 Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,  
 It answered her's no more!

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,  
 The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled;  
 What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?  
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!  
 Softly she perished—be the Flower deplor'd!  
 Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,  
 That meet for moments but to part for years,  
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from  
 dust,

That love where love is but a fount of tears!  
 Brother! sweet Sister!—peace around ye dwell!  
 Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

\* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

## REMEMBER ME, A NEW YEAR'S GIFT;

*Or, Christmas Present for 1825.*

THIS is another of those annual volumes to which Mr. Ackermann's work has given rise. Had it been produced some years ago, when the Princess Amelia on her death bed presented her father, his late majesty, with a ring, on which the title "Remember me" was the posy, it would have been an excellent hit: at present that may seem doubtful. The *Remember Me* does not rest its claims to support on its superior graphic embellishments or good poetry, but to its botanical embellishments, which to say the truth, are very prettily coloured. The botanical descriptions are by Dr. Thornton. The literary articles, though not possessing much merit, are varied and amusing, though some of them are very stale. A couple of articles we give:—

“HOW MARRIAGES ARE CONTRACTED  
IN EGYPT.

“THE bride can never be seen till after she is married; she is always veiled. A person feeling an inclination to become a husband, applies to some individual who is reported to have daughters, and desires to know if any of them are to be disposed of. If the parent replies affirmatively the aspirant sends one of his female relations who has already been married, to examine their persons, and report accordingly. Should her representation be favourable, the future husband pays the father a stipulated sum, and on an appointed day all parties interested in the event, assist at the solemnization of the wedding. The bride then repairs to the mansion of the bridegroom, who sees her for the first time in his life; and marriage here is, in its true sense, nothing more than a matter of money, for the highest bidder is sure to succeed with the father.”

“ANECDOTE OF THE REV. GEORGE  
HARVEST.

“BEING desired to officiate one Sunday morning, at St. Mary's, in Oxford, a waggish acquaintance wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of matrimony, and which being duly put forward was read by Mr. Harvest, as follows:—

“I publish the banns of marriage between  
Jack Cheshire and the Widow Glover,  
Both of a parish that is seen  
‘Twixt Oxford and Paternoster:  
Who, to keep out the wind and weather,  
Hereafter mean to pig together;  
So if you wish to put in caveat,  
Now is the time to let us have it.”

“At another time, having to preach, some wags stole his sermon out of his

pocket, and placing the leaves in different directions, returned the sermon. The Doctor began his discourse, read on regularly, but soon got bewildered and confused; he went on however until the laughing became general, the hoax was perceived, and he concluded with himself and the clerk only in the church.”

A few pages of music, a calendar, and an album, conclude the “Remember Me.”

BLOSSOMS AT CHRISTMAS AND FIRST  
FLOWERS OF THE NEW YEAR.

WE have just closed our account of works of this class when the *Blossoms at Christmas* reached us. The work is of the same class as those already noticed, and without any lofty pretensions; we do not hesitate to pronounce it an amusing miscellany, more so, indeed, than the *Remember Me*. Both, however, are entitled to much indulgence, as they are but beginnings. The *Blossoms at Christmas* are of a more topographical and antiquarian character than the other works of this description. Want of room precludes us from making an extract, but we may be induced to do so in a future Number of the MIRROR.

THE POCKET BOOKS FOR 1825.

NUMEROUS as the Almanacks are, the Pocket Books are still more so, and there is scarcely a sect or a profession of any character that has not one appropriated to it. There are Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Memorandum Books, Souvenirs, Remembrancers, &c. &c., and Diaries of a similar description under various names. They are of course of various merit: those appropriated to the useful are decidedly the best, for the literary execution of most of them, if original, is generally worthless, and if selected, is not in the best taste. Vauxhall songs, enigmas, charades, &c. generally form a prominent part in the Ladies' Pocket Books, with perhaps a tune or a dance: there is, however, much room for improvement in the whole of them. The Gentlemen's Pocket Books contain lists of the two houses of parliament, &c.;—and both are frequently embellished, and contain diaries, and ruled pages for memorandums. Amidst the mass that lie before us, we know not where to glean an extract; but to show our impartiality, we take one which is common to most of them, because it is useful to refer to, and we dare say is not in the possession of all our readers:—

## BIRTH DAYS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

KING George IV.	Born Aug. 12, 1762
Frederick, Duke of York	Aug. 16, 1763
William Henry, Duke of Clarence	Aug. 21, 1765
Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg	Sep. 29, 1766
Princess Augusta Sophia	Nov. 8, 1768
Princess Elizabeth (of Hesse Homberg)	May 22, 1770
Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland	June 5, 1771
His Son, George Fred. Alex. Char. Ern. Aug.	May 27, 1819
Augustus Fred. Duke of Sussex	Jan. 27, 1773
Adolphus Fred., Duke of Cambridge	Feb. 24, 1774
His Son, George Will. Fred. Charles	Mar. 26, 1819
His daughter, Augusta Caroline Char. Ellz. Maria Sophia Louisa	July 19, 1822
Duchess of Gloucester	April 25, 1776
Princess Sophia	Nov. 3, 1777
William Fred., Duke of Gloucester	Jan. 15, 1776
Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester	May 29, 1773
*Leopold, Prince of Cobourg	Dec. 16, 1790
*Frederic, Prince of Hesse Homberg	..... 1769
*Adelaide, Duchess of Clarence	Aug. 13, 1796
*Victoria, Duchess of Kent	Aug. 17, 1786
Her Daughter, Alexanderina Victoria	May 24, 1819
*Frederica, Duchess of Cumberland	Mar. 2, 1778
*Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge	July 25, 1797

Those marked with an asterisk are not of the blood royal of England, but only connected by marriage.

## TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1825.

ELEVEN volumes of the *Time's Telescope* in eleven successive years, ought to entitle the author to a freehold in the domain of literature. It is indeed a work which combines more of the *utile et dulcis* than any of the annual periodicals with which we are acquainted. The introduction generally consists of a treatise on

some branch of science. In the present year a History of English Sacred Poetry forms the introduction; it is written by Mr. Richard Ryan, a gentleman who has published a volume of poems on sacred subjects. The work contains an explanation of saints' days and holidays; illustrations of British history and antiquities; notices of obsolete rites and customs; sketches of comparative chronology; contemporary biography; astronomical occurrences; the naturalists' diary; a description of culinary vegetables, and original poems by living poets of eminence. There is also a fac-simile of Lord Byron's writing, and a Christmas carol set to music expressly for the work, and several other things to recommend it; however, the extracts we subjoin, or any others, can give but a feeble idea of its contents. The following are a few gleanings from it:—

## ST. MARTIN'S LITTLE SUMMER.

THE few fine days which sometimes occur about the beginning of November, have been demoninated "St. Martin's Little Summer;" to this Shakespeare alludes in the first part of *King Henry IV.* (Act i. Sc. 2), where Prince Henry says to Falstaff, "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, *all-hallows summer!*" and in the first part of *King Henry VI.* (Act i. Sc. 2), Joan la Pucelle says,

"Assigned I am to be the English scourge.  
This night the siege surely I'll raise:  
Expect *St. Martin's Summer*, harkyon days,  
Since I have entered thus into these wars."

## ADDRESS TO THE MERMAID,

LATELY EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

COME, Mistress Mermaid, tell us, for you've seen  
The deeps and things proud Science pines to see;

Be kind, and say if you have ever been  
In worlds the poets deck with imagery;  
Say, as you floated on the green sea's billow,  
Didst e'er see Neptune's car, or Amphitrite's pillow?

Now, are there really coral caves below,  
Or beds of amber, or of precious stone,  
To which the blushing Nereids languid go,  
In idle hours to recline upon?  
And are there fays to fan them while they're dreaming.

Whose wings seem like two diamonds purest,  
gleaming?

Come, tell the truth, for none, dear Mermaid's,  
by,

To stop you short, or tweak you by the nose,  
Or contradict you, should you tell a lie—  
As you the secrets of the deep disclose:  
Therefore, be candid, and declare this minute,  
The wonders of the sea, and all that's in it.

Alas! you're dumb, and cannot even say,  
As quick you sped from giant sea to sea,  
How many sharks you've numbered in a day,  
Or if you fought them, or thought it best to flee;

Quite mute you are, and quite absurd the notion  
From thee to pump the secrets of the ocean.



Farewell, dumb thing! perhaps the next we find  
So long a time may not require to woo—  
'Twill speak, perchance, and haply prove most  
kind.

And tell us all we've useless sought of you—  
Rare information yielding on the morning  
She's clapt within the glass-case you're adorning.

RICHARD RYAN.

MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON.

MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON, who died in October, 1818, was a native of Ireland, and was treasurer of the Ordnance under the administration of the Earl of Moira. Mr. Atkinson was the intimate of Moore, Curran, and the rest of the galaxy of Irish genius; and was himself a poet of more than ordinary ability, as the following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to his friend Moore on the birth of his third daughter, will evince:—

I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your  
joy.

Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,  
When I say that your wife had a *right* to a boy,  
For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.  
But since Fate the boon that you wished for re-

fuses,

By granting three girls to your happy em-  
braces,  
She but meant, while you wandered abroad  
with the *Muses*,

Your wife should be circled at home by the  
Graces!

He died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-five, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew him; being admired by the young for his conviviality, and respected by the aged for his benevolence and numerous good qualities.

NEW HYGROMETER.

THE following description of a new Hygrometer has been transmitted to us, and which we insert to exercise the ingenuity of our young readers in its construction. —This instrument consists of a plank, three feet in length and one in breadth, having in the middle a small cleft, or cut, eighteen inches long: along this cleft a little gilded sun, or any other ornament, rises and descends, agreeable to the change that is made in the air, from moist to dry, and from dry to moist; and marks, by means of a needle, the degree of drought or moisture on the two divisions that are on the right and left of the cleft, and marked D.M. The division which is appointed to mark the change from dry to moist has its progression from above downwards, and the other, on the contrary, from below upwards. The needle, by which the little sun marks the degrees, has this peculiar property, that upon the least change that happens from dry to moist, or less dry, or less humid, it gives a half turn, and carries the longest of its ends on that division which goes from below upwards, or that which

goes from above downwards, following the change that is made from moist to dry, or from dry to moist, while its other end marks the division opposite.

The two divisions contain twelve spaces or degrees; and to mark more precisely even to the least change, there is, under the cleft, a circle marked on its border with two divisions of sixty parts each, whereof the progressions are opposite; and in the middle of this circle there is another needle which goes the whole round, whilst the little sun passes one of the twelve divisions or degrees, be it rising or falling, so shows, on the border of its circle, the parts or minutes of each of these degrees.

The origin of the changes that are observed in this instrument is nothing else but many little cords or twine artificially placed behind the board on pulleys, which cords, lengthening or shortening themselves, according as the air becomes dry or moist, causes the ornamental sun to rise or fall, and the needle within the circle to turn sometimes on the one side, and sometimes on the other.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC  
JOURNALS FOR THE YEAR  
1824.

THERE is one class of "Annals" which we might be expected to notice, The Annual Register, but as it is not of course like an Almanack, published in advance, but on the contrary, many months, and sometimes even years, after the events it records, we shall pass it over lightly. The Annual Register contains a political history of the period, foreign and domestic occurrences, state papers, obituary statistical tables, extracts from new books, &c.

Imperial and Royal Calendars we pass over altogether, but there is one work which is entitled to notice. It is entitled the "Spirit of the Public Journals." It is the second volume of a new series, and contains a highly amusing selection of the best and most humorous articles which have appeared in the periodical works, including Newspapers, during the year 1824. The Editor appears to be very impartial in his selections, and has quoted some half dozen articles from the MIRROR, which we of course hope will be deemed sufficient evidence of his good taste and discrimination. Humorous police reports occupy a considerable space, and are illustrated with several clever wood-cuts, by Rowlandson, and the brothers Cruikshank. There is also a Chronology of the events of the year, and an Obituary: we ought to add, there are

some clever original articles by the editor, one of which we subjoin.

#### THE PIER AT MARGATE.

Oh! Margate is a charming place,  
'Tis full of beauty, life, and grace,  
And I've met many a lovely face  
Upon the pier at Margate.

When Cynthia sheds a silver beam,  
And London bells on down-beds dream,  
'Tis sweet to hear the foaming stream  
Beside the pier at Margate.

I love to see the dashing wave  
The snow white cliffs of Britain lave;  
I love to hear the night-storm rave  
Around the pier at Margate.

Though Ramsgate boasts a splendid pier,  
More happy we in humbler sphere,  
More sociable, more friendly here,  
We walk the pier at Margate.

Oh! Margate is a charming place,  
'Tis full of beauty, life, and grace,  
And I've met many a lovely face  
Upon the pier at Margate.

The following are from contemporary publications :—

#### THE LADY WITH THE DEATH'S HEAD.

It is not long since the French papers were amusing their readers with the story of a lady with a death's head: and if we recollect rightly, there was a journal on this side of the channel (the *Literary Gazette*) which staked its veracity on there being a blue stocking lady of the same description, who resided in the neighbourhood of Kensington. Both stories, however, were but a repetition of a very old date. The original heroine was a lady a *Tête de Maure*, and not a *Tête de Mort*, as our modern dealers in the marvellous have it. Two or three centuries ago, when negroes were not so commonly to be seen in Europe as at present, a lady with a blackamoor's head might perhaps be thought as terrific a phenomenon as a lady with a death's head would be in our days. The exact coincidence of the pronunciation of *maure* and *mort*, sufficiently explains the sources of the modern deviation.

The first time that we remember to have met with the story in its modern dress, is in a Number of the *Journal Historique de Colle*, for the year 1760, where it is thus briefly told: There is at present a girl to be married in a convent in Paris, who will receive an annuity of 30,000 livres if she resides in Paris, and 29,000 if she resides in the country. This portion will be settled on her future husband by the marriage contract. It is not required that the husband should be either rich, handsome, well-made, or possessing rank or education: he must, however, be an honest man, and endowed with plain common sense. The girl has a good

figure, possesses a considerable share of wit and understanding, and has been well educated: but—since there absolutely must be a *but*—she is obliged to wear a silver mask continually before her face, as her head, or at least her face, is precisely that of a skeleton. She is besides occasionally seized with convulsions and struggles similar to those of a dying person. Who will consent to marry her?

#### "GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!"

"The Duke of Sussex next proposed 'The City of London, and prosperity to the Trade thereof.' After which his Royal Highness called for *Green grow the rushes, O!*"

SONG, BY MR. BROADHURST.

With Variations suited to the occasion.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han!  
As thro' the various Walks\* they range:  
What signifies the life o' man  
An' 'twere not for the Stock Exchange!  
*Green grows the grass, we know,*  
Where commerce used to flourish so—  
The sweetest hours that merchants spend  
Are spent amongst the jobbers, O!

Give them a canny Loan, and then  
They'll nurse it like a dearie,  
And commerce and commercial men  
May a' gas tapn'terie.  
*Green grows the grass, &c.*

For you see doubt! ye sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses,  
The wise men of the East declare  
Scrip commerce far surpasses.  
*Green grows the grass, &c.*

Auld *Slaking Fund* may proudly claim  
This noblest work and job here:  
A prentice hand on merchants tried,  
She sync hath made the jobbers!  
*Green grows the grass, we know,*  
Where commerce used to flourish so—  
The sweetest hours that merchants spend  
Are spent among the jobbers, O!

#### ON ONE WHO WAS RUINED BY GAINING A LAW-SUIT.

Woe'n'a takes counsel of his friends,  
Will ne'er take counsel of the law:  
Whate'er his means, whate'er his ends,  
Still he shall no advantage draw.  
Justice in vain may urge her plea,  
May show that all is right and fair:  
The lawyer, too, has had his fee,  
And gain'd your suit—but left you bare.

#### LISTON'S DREAM.

As Liston lay wrapt in delicious repose,  
Most harmoniously playing a tune with his nose,  
In a dream there appeared the adorable Venus,  
Who said, "to be sure there's no likeness between us,  
But to show that a goddess to kindred no prone  
is,  
Your looks shall soon rival the handsome Adonis."  
Liston woke in a fright, and cried, "Heaven preserve me,  
If my face you improve, sounds, Madam, you'll starve me."

\* Walks of the Royal Exchange.

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD,  
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold  
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.